
In Recital

MELANIE CHERNIWCHAN,
soprano

assisted by

LORETTA DUECK, piano/harpsichord

Sunday, April 12, 1992 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

PROGRAM

Fine Knacks for Ladies (1600)	John Dowland
Flow Not So Fast, Ye Fountains (1603)	(1563-1626)
Fain would I wed (1617)	Thomas Campion
	(1567-1620)

From Symphoniarum sacrarum secunda pars, Op. 10	Heinrich Schütz
Ich werde nicht sterben, SWV 346 (1647)	(1685-1672)
Adrian Dyck, violin I	
Kim Bertsch, violin II	
Tim Ashworth, cello	

From Su le Sponde Del Tebro (c.1690-95)	Alessandro Scarlatti
Recitative: All'aura, al cielo, ai venti	(1660-1725)
Aria: Tralascia pur di piangere	
Adrian Dyck, violin I	
Kim Bertsch, violin II	
Tim Ashworth, cello	
Debra Spence, trumpet	

INTERMISSION

From Le Nozze di Figaro (1789)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Recitative: Giunse al fin il momento	(1756-1791)
Aria: Deh vieni, non tardar	

Mandoline (Verlaine) (1891)	Gabriel Fauré
Notre Amour (Silvestre) ((c.1879)	(1845-1924)
Rosemonde	Cécile Chaminade
L'été	(1857-1944)

From Six Elizabethan Songs (1958)	Dominick Argento
Spring (Thomas Nash)	(b. 1927)
Winter (William Shakespeare)	
Diaphenia (Henry Constable)	

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Cherniwchan.

TRANSLATIONS

Ich werde nicht sterben - I will not die

I will not die but rather live
and proclaim God's praise.

The rope of death had enveloped me
and fear of hell had found me.

I was seized by misery and distress.

But I called out the name of the Lord:

O Lord, save my soul.

And the Lord answered me

and helped me out of all my miseries.

Leanne Boytinck

All'aura, al cielo, ai venti---Tralascia pur
di piangere - To the breeze, to the sky,
to the winds

To the breeze, to the sky, to the winds,
so the kind shepherd spoke and he
faithfully adored even the cruel breeze;
but finally understanding that neither
tears nor prayers could soften a heart
of stone the mocked lover said,
determined and steady, to his mocked
heart, "Don't cry, please don't cry,
poor tormented heart. Please stop,
stop crying, poor, poor suffering heart.
Don't cry, please don't cry, poor, poor
tormented heart...scorned by harsh
fate, nothing is left for you but to
sympathize with a faithless one."

Shanon Mitchell

Giunse al fin il momento---Deh vieni,
non tardar - The moment has come at
last

The moment has come at last
when I can enjoy undisturbed
the embrace of the man I adore.

Timid fears, go from my heart,
do not disturb my pleasure!

Oh, how I feel this pleasant place,
the earth and heaven itself,
are responding to love's flame,
as does the night to my stolen joy!

Come, do not delay, dear heart!

Come to where love's joy awaits you!

While heaven's candles are still unlit,
the evening dark and silent.

Here the brook murmurs, here the
breeze plays,

whose gentle whisper soothes the
aching breast.

Here flowers smile and the grass is cool
and all invites to love.

Come, my beloved, amid these
sheltering trees,

come, come!

And I will crown you with roses, etc.

Translation by Avril Bardoni

from "Recording Notes" Le
Nozze di Figaro conducted by
Herbert von Karajan.

London OSA 1443, 1979.

Mandoline - Mandolin

The serenaders

and the lovely listeners

exchange sweet nothings

beneath the singing branches.

It is Tircis and Aminte,

and the eternal Clitandre,

and Damis, who for many

a cruel fair one has written many a
tender verse.

Their short silken doublets,

their long trailing dresses,

their elegance, their joy,

and the soft blue shadows

whirl in the ecstasy

of a pink and grey moon,

and the mandolin chatters

amid the quivering of the breeze.

Translations (continued)

Notre Amour - Our Love

Our love is a light thing
like the fragrance that the breeze
takes from the tips of the ferns,
for us to breathe in dreaming.

Our love is a charming thing,
like morning songs.
When there are no sorrows to lament,
where there is a thrill of an uncertain
hope.

Our love is a sacred thing,
like the mysteries of the woods,
where an unknown soul quivers,
where the silences are eloquent.

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunsets,
where the sea, united to the sky,
falls asleep beneath the inclining sun.

Our love is an eternal thing,
as all that a victorious god
has touched with the fire of his wing,
as all that comes from the heart.

Mandoline and Notre Amour
translations by Winifred Radford
taken from Pierre Bernac's The
Interpretation of French Song.
London: Victor Gollanez Ltd.,
1976.

Rosemonde

Why is he so long in coming
when I am waiting for him?
Is he afraid of my tender look,
my first sign?

God, who deign to bless us
Have pity on my martyrdom.

While villagers sleep
careless of the daily labour
I stay alone in the night
Guided by love

Shall I expect him any moment
in this inferno?

Oh! Some tears veil my eyes
Is he unfaithful?
Is another woman paying attention
to his confessions?

Oh! If lovers are happy in heaven
I want to go there

Michel Cantin

L'été - Summer

Oh! Sing, sing
wild warbler, happy meadowlark
Joyous chaffinch, sing! Enjoy the
Fragrance of fresh-blown roses that
fills our woodlands!

Sun, who shines on trees
filled by buzzing swarms
dispense joy and drown everything
in your gleaming rays.

Oh! sing, sing
wind who passes through,
and through your breath,
give brightness and beauty to the pain.

Hear those pleasant words
on the calm prairie in flower
May the beloved wife be charmed
and thankful to her husband.

Michel Cantin